Haſt. Whats a clocke?
Meſſ. Vpon the ſtroke of foure.
Haſt. Cannot thy maiſter ſleepe the tedious nights?
Meſſ. So it ſhould ſeeme by that I haue to ſay:
First he commends him to your noble Lordſhip.
Haſt. And then. *Meſ.* And then he ſends you word,
He dreamt to night the beare had raſte his helme:
Beſides, he ſaies there are two councels held,
And that may be determined at the one,
Which may make you and him to rewe at the other,
Therefore he ſends to know yout Lordſhips pleaſure:
If preſently you will take horſe with him,
And with all ſpeede poſt into the North,
To ſhun the danger that his ſoule diuines.
Haſt. Go fellow go, returne vnto thy Lord,
Bid him not feare the ſeparated councels:
His honour and my ſelfe are at the one,
And at the other, is my ſeruant Catesby:
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth vs,
Whereof I ſhall not haue intelligence.
Tel him his feares are ſhallow, wanting inſtancie.
And for his dreames, I wonder he is ſo fond,
To truſt the mockery of vnquiet ſlumbers,
To flie the boare, before the boare purſues vs,
Were to incenſe the boare to follow vs,
And make purſuite where he did meane no chaſe:
Go bid thy maiſter riſe and come to me,
And we will both togither to the tower,
Where he ſhall ſee the boare will vſe vs kindly.
Meſ. My gratious Lo: Ile tell him what you ſay. *Enter*
Cat. Many good morrowes to my noble Lo: (*Catesby.*
Haſt. Good morrow Catesby, you are early ſtirring,
What newes what newes, in this our tottering ſtate?
Cat. It is a reeling world indeed my Lo:
And I beleeue it will neuer ſtand vpright,
Till Richard weare the garland of the Realme.
Haſt. How? weare the garland? doeſt thou meane the
Cat. I my good Lord. (crowne?
Haſt.

Haſt. Ile haue this crowne of m
Ere I will ſee the crowne ſo foule
But canſt thou gueſſe that he d
Cat. Vpon my life my Lo: an
Vpon his party for the gaine th
And thereupon he ſends you th
That this ſame very day, your en
The kindred of the Queene mu
Haſt. Indeed I am no mourne
Becauſe they haue bene ſtill mi
But that Ile giue my voice on R
To barre my maiſters heires in t
God knowes I will not do it to t
Cat. God keepe your Lordſh
Haſt. But I ſhall laugh at this
That they who brought me in t
Hiue to looke vpon their tragec
I tell thee Catesby. *Cat.* What
Haſt. Ere a fortnight make m
Ile ſend ſome packing, that yet t
Cat. Tis a vile thing to die m
When men are vnprepard, and
Haſt. O Monſtrous, monſtro
With Riuers, Vaughan, Gray, a
With ſome men elſe, who think
As thou, and I, who as thou kno
To Princely Richard, and to B
Cat. The Princes both make
For they account his head vpon
Haſt. I know they do, and I
Enter Lor
What my L: where is your boa
Feare you the boare and go ſo
Stan. My Lo: good morrow
You may ieſt on: but by the hol
I do not like theſe ſeuerall coun
Haſt. My Lo: I holde my life
And neuer in my life I do prote